

1951

OUT OF THIS WORLD

On the fifth of July we came to Buck's Rock,
Ready for two months of fun;
When at the barn our trunks we did dock--
One-seventy-two were as one.

Soon at the hall our products we sold,
While selling these things we had fun;
Carrot from seed and bowl from a mold--
One-seventy-two were as one.

Now we have come to August--the close,
We'll all admit we've had fun;
For the theme of our Yearbook, slogans we've chose--
And one-seventy-two are as one.

PUBLISHED BY THE CAMPERS OF BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP
NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT. IN THE SUMMER OF 1951

1951



OUT OF THIS WORLD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE CAMP THAT MADE NEW MILFORD famous



...to the position of the best
team in the country by the
boys and girls of New Milford.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



You have asked me to write about the slogan - Ask the Man Who Owns One - for our year book. I can understand why you selected that specific slogan for me. After all, I am the director of Buck's Rock --- and I do own it, in a way --- or do I? I'd like to tell you how I feel about it.

What is a Camp? The word is derived from the Latin "Campus" which means a field. Let us then say that a Camp is a piece of land, and on that land, there are buildings which were built to meet the needs of the people living on that land. What is a country? In a broader sense, we can define it in the same way.

You say: Just a minute Ernie! We are not talking about a piece of land or a group of buildings. We meant Buck's Rock.

I know that, so let's go on from there! What makes a Camp? What makes a Country? It is the people who live there: It is their principles, their beliefs, their aims in life.

What makes Buck's Rock? It is you; it is our staff; it is all of us, working together, sharing our principles, our beliefs, our aims in life. We are Buck's Rock.

We have, each of us, contributed to it, and once we give a part of ourselves to something we believe in, it becomes a part of us: It becomes our possession!

You came to Buck's Rock because you believed in the ideas, the ideals represented by Buck's Rock. You brought to it your willingness to co-operate, your eagerness to achieve, your enthusiasm, your good-will. You brought this to Buck's Rock; you brought this to each other; you brought this to our staff.

And we, in turn, have brought to you all that we believe can be of benefit to you: our willingness to co-operate in all of your endeavors; our eagerness to help you in your achievements; our enthusiasm, our good will.

Therefore, Buck's Rock belongs to all of us!

And the most valuable part of this, our possession, is that we can continue to give it to others, and by giving, it will only increase in value! And as time goes on, you will, perhaps, think of the slogan -- ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE -- and then remember that there are possessions on this earth that can never belong to one single person, because they are so dynamic, so full of the positive elements of living that they must be shared by all.



get activated

Looking back over Buck's Rock by Richard Levy

This is Mr. Richard Levy. I have been asked by the August staff of the Yearbook of 1991 to write my memoirs stemming from my experiences at Buck's Rock forty years ago. It grieved me deeply to hear that Erneste had died-- I thought he would live a hundred more years, at least. Seven to ten. Oh well, I will write my memoirs of Buck's Rock.

First, allow me to tell you something about myself. I am the director of Ecrivant Cie (Writing Inc.), Ceramik Americain, Bois Cie (Lumber, Inc.), L'art, and Francaise-American. I am deeply indebted to Buck's Rock for the attainment of these high positions.

I came to the camp for the first time in 1951, where I met esteemed persons well versed in the French language. After playing the deaf-mute in a French play, I became devoted to France! Twenty years later I almost proposed to Jean Girandoux, but I found out that in French, Jean is the name of a man.

While spending two months in the utterly insane desolation of the Print Shop, I became addicted to the writing of funny stories which nobody laughed at while they were being read at supper. This led me to becoming an office boy in Ecrivante Cie, where after hard work and bad stories, I advanced rapidly through the positions of Shipping Clerk, Complaint Manager, and 8th, 4th, 3rd, 2nd, and 1st Vice Presidents. I then returned to Buck's Rock for a season, and that fall I became President of the company.

Having lived in the 8-Bunk for two months, I had become accustomed to rising early, being peeked at through windows, and having wet towels thrown in my face. When I applied for a post in Francais-American, I was asked for my credentials. On hearing of my two months in the 8-Bunk they exclaimed, "Monsieur! You are not fit for any post in Francais-American -- except Le President! We will fire ze old one and proclaim you! Anyone from the 8-Bunk is parfait (perfect) for the post! Vive! Vive! Vive! I found out later that the old president had also gone to Buck's Rock, but that he had lived in the Boys House.

I enjoyed my positions at Ecrivante and Francais-American vastly, but I soon became bored with being only a millionaire -- I wished to become a billionaire. To do this I went back to Buck's Rock for a refresher course in ceramics given by Hal Loren himself. When I asked him why he was still alive, he replied, "Old ceramic

"bad bad counselors never die; they just wedge away."

After this, I became a Vice-President in Ceramik Americain, where I specialized in the production of mouse tiles. I had now become a millionaire, but success spurred me on to investigate the largest lumber manufacturing organization in Paris -- Bois, Cie. I there met M. Yaschois, general manager in charge of boxes.

My time spent at Buck's Rock also gained me influence, as a Yale man has influence in a lock factory. Mme. Taffe Hochmane and M. Walois Hochmane had organized L'art five years before, and they made me general manager in charge of silkscreening Weeder's Digest covers. I had now become a trillionaire, but I was eager to become what no man had yet achieved -- a quadrillionaire. Even in this task Buck's Rock aided me.

One of the largest theater houses in Paris which has sprung up in the past two years is Chipse, Cie. I decided to investigate this place to see if I could get a role in their new production, "Poeme en la Waselan". All of the advertisements proclaimed it as an "ancient masque", "a great controversial play", etc. When I introduced myself to M. Chipse, he asked, "Were you ever in New Milford?"

I said, "Yes, I was."

"In Buck's Rock?"

"Yes, I was."

"In 1951?"

"Yes."

"Did you play a part in 'Madwoman of Chaillot'?"

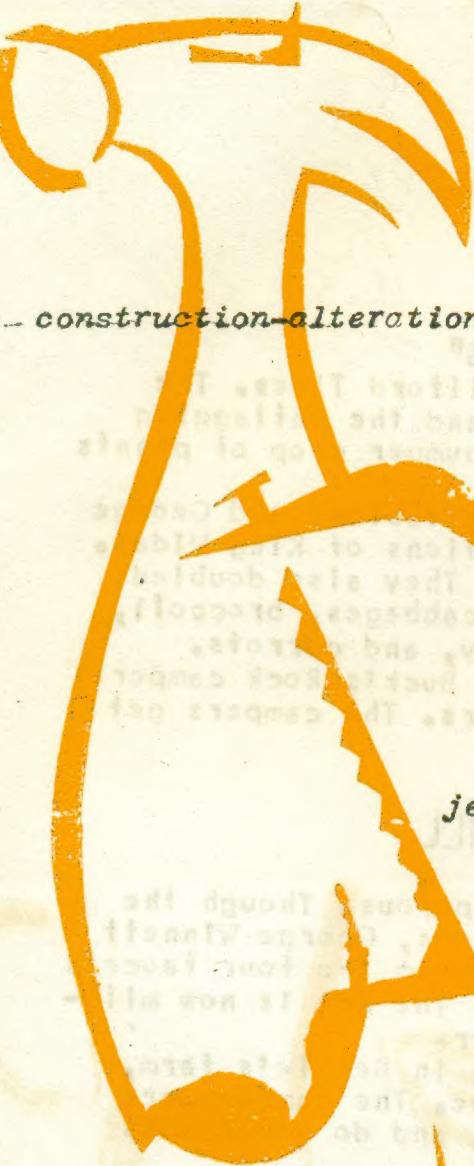
"Yes."

"Partait! I hire you for la Poet. 10,000 francs an hour. Oui?"

"Oui, oui." I replied, "Vive Buck's Rock!"

Though I like Paris and I am a success because of what Buck's Rock has done for me, I still prefer "Oy, Oy." to "Oui, Oui!"

photo-guard against negative scratch



- construction-alterations without charge

jewelry-she's lovely, she's engaged
she uses acid

wood shop-when better boxes
are built yasha
will build them

ceramics-it's toasted





werving-loomed to be heirloomed

P

print-why be irritated

art-our hand has never lost it's skill

YOURS TO ENJOY

WANDERING AROUND CAMP ONE CANNOT MISS THE SHOPS

Upon entering the Ceramic Shop we can see

slips and vases
kilns and glazes
mattes and mottles
bats and bottles
miles and tiles
and endless smiles

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

We cross the threshold

and here we find
some lists to sign
enlarger wheels
and filmtank reels
films and files
and timer dials
printing rooms
and borrowed brooms
hypo fixer
shortstop mixer

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

A few steps

and through the door
we find lots more
power tools
extension rules
wooden bowls
and drill press holes
pallette table
none too stable
sanding, nailing
buzz saws, walling

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

Around the corner we can see



shuttle loom
in outdoor room
red and black
go forth and back
batts we make
threads that break
mats we weave
and now we leave

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

Next door we hear

typewriters clatter
amidst much chatter
mimo turns
as leon burns
type is set
and deadlines met
cutting stencils
losing pencils

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

And into the art shop

painting things
among the strings
lots of foil
with brush and oil
silkscreen pages
Wally rages
fishes break
and campers quake

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

Between the pre-fabs there's a shop

bracelets pins
and acid bins
asphaltum paint
and workers faint
lanyards braid
and earrings made
etching clips
and stuff that drips

AND THAT IS ALL

In Buck's Rock nearly everybody reads the WEEDEER'S DIGEST

In this camp there is a newspaper
some people think it is a good newspaper
some people think it is a bad newspaper
this is not true
it is a weeder's digest

every week we have an issue
it is usually a big issue
at it we work very hard
we meet deadlines
we type stencils
we mimeograph pages
we usually waste a lot of paper

the art shop makes covers for us
they are on colored paper
they are nice covers
we like them

the photography shop makes pictures for us
they are on photographic paper
they are nice pictures
we like them

then we put everything together
then we staple everything together
we give the papers out at dinner
this is the weeder's digest

In this camp there is a newspaper
it is the weeder's digest
we think it is a good newspaper
this is because we work so hard on it
we hope you liked it

the world's greatest art critic; watching the world's greatest artist, putting the finishing touches on his greatest painting; and trying to decide whether it will be the world's greatest, while the world's greatest art connoisseur watches with critical interest.

by richard foreman



The Descent by Sue Buchman

The room was filled with tension, and a serious and important discussion was going on. A cigarette was lit with unsure hands as a pair of eyes stared blankly out into space.

It was an office in a building off Broadway, and two men sat facing each other. One was short and stocky and seemed rather at home in the surroundings. He was intently searching the other man's face and seemed worried. His companion wore a look of helplessness. His face was thin and gaunt, although he couldn't have been more than thirty-five. He was nervously turning the corner of his jacket over and over in his fingers while he talked. His voice trembled as he said, "But I love her, Jack. Can't you see that?"

"I know you do, and I know she loves you too. Don't you see how silly you're being? Why, I don't think you've gotten a good night's sleep for months . . . and for what?"

"I'll tell you for what . . ." His eyes came to rest on the other man's face as his voice became strained. "My wife told me six months ago that she'd been in love with someone else. And you ask me why I'm so upset?"

"She also said it was over. She loves you or she wouldn't have told you at all." He leaned over and took hold of the other man's arm. "Now look, Bill, this is all in your imagination. You have to forget it! This idea of yours about going to see this man and asking him whether he's been seeing your wife is wrong and you shouldn't do it."

"But I have to know! I'm going to see him right now and confront him with it. I've made my decision and I'm going through with it."

"Listen to me . . . you are wrong. You're destroying yourself by believing something that isn't true. For your wife's sake, and for your own, forget about it." Seeing that he wasn't getting anywhere he stopped.

"Thank you for talking to me about it, Jack," Bill said, his hand on the door. "I'm going down now to see him. You know? He's on the floor below. Ironic, isn't it?" A forced laugh came from his lips as he shut the door to his friend's office.

Footsteps echoed down the long hall, as Bill neared the elevators. He rang and waited.

It was late on a Saturday afternoon and the usually busy office building was ominously quiet. The big battery of elevators were not running except for one which was picking up the late workers. The doors on the floor were locked and not a soul could be seen or heard.

Bill pressed the bell again; this time, it was twice. He started to walk up and down, his hands again turning up the corner of his jacket. A few minutes passed as he paced, thinking about the man on the floor below him. Again he rang the bell, even more impatiently. Then, feeling disgusted, he decided that since it was only one floor, he might as well walk down.

His slow, hesitant steps led him to the door marked "Stairs". He opened it and started on his walk to the next floor. The door closed slowly behind him.

His footsteps sounded down the long stairway as he made his way downward. He reached the next floor and felt for the doorknob. He couldn't feel one. In the dim light, he looked for it, but all he saw was the blank door.

On a sudden impulse, he began to run back upstairs mounting the steps two at a time. His heart began to pound as he reached for the doorknob that he found was not there. He suddenly had the sensation of being trapped and he began to shout through the heavy door, hoping against hope that his friend, Jack, might hear him. He pounded until his fists ached, and his voice became weak. Then, he turned in desperation to look around.

The dim light that was given off by old light bulbs on each floor created an atmosphere of eeriness. He walked over to the well and looked down the twenty-five flights of stairs below him. His own voice rang inside him; "Now look," it said, "take it easy. Jack's office is pretty far away from the stairway. Maybe if I go to the next floor and yell, there will be somebody near enough to the door to hear me. It's ridiculous to get upset."

He started for the second time to descend the stairs and reached the next floor. His voice again echoed through the stillness as he pounded on the heavy door. There was no response. He kept saying to himself that he must take it easy and that he would try again. Another flight he descended, and then another. Each time, terror mounted within him and he began to go faster.

He stopped on the nineteenth floor, and in a split second the thought came to him: what if no one heard him? What if, since it was Saturday afternoon, he was forced to stay trapped in this shaft until Monday? What if he was not found for days? Panic immediately seized him and he broke out in a cold sweat.

He began to run down the long flights. His body cast shadows on the walls, first in back of him and then in front, thinner and fatter. His legs became an unwilling force at his terror-stricken command. His ever-increasing speed threw him almost off balance, but he did not stop. The footsteps became faster and faster, going towards only one goal: the bottom. His only hope was the bottom where there might and yet there might not be a way out. Every floor seemed to him to be more of an obstacle in his way. His eyes became blurred to the point where the stairs below him were an oncoming rush, and he had no sense of feeling except fear. His ears pounded with the sound of his shoes on the concrete stairs.

The bottom approached although he didn't know it and the last flight of stairs was like all the rest. His hand reached out the mechanical way, not knowing what it would find, and the beating of his heart was unbearable. His fingers grasped something and stayed there as if it did not know what to do - as if they were detached from his body. Slowly they

turned the knob, and a rush of oncoming cool air hit him in the face.

It was Broadway and the lights were just beginning to flash on. People were going home to dinner, rushing to and fro. An uncontrollably shaking man was standing in the doorway of a building, his face covered with sweat, his lips quivering.

Bill looked at the flow of activity going on around him and gave a long, deep sigh. After a few minutes, he got hold of himself and began to walk slowly down the busy street, hardly conscious of the ache in his legs. He passed the entrance of the building from which he had come, looked up and smiled to himself. He thought of his wife who would have dinner waiting for him, as he turned a corner and was gone.

Where the road is narrow
It is merely a road
But where the road is wide
There is suddenly a town.
For a minute there is life.

The life is not really life
The shell of it is a human shell, with glass
and concrete and chrome
The noises are human noises: exhaust backfires,
shouts, a blaring jukebox
But the people, in their denims and bright
cottons, are not quite human
or real

by
Elinore
Eisenson

All their faces are the same face
All their noises are the same noise
Their glass, concrete, and chrome does not
even form a pattern.

But this surely is life where the road widens
It must be life
It is not the same as before and after the
widening of the road.

Where the road is narrow
It is merely a road
But where the road is wide
There is suddenly a flash of auto horns
and red calico
Some say that is life.

Sisterhood of cities

by Pi Stocum

New York writhes with the raucous noise
Of the thousand fold screen of horns.

Paris smiles lazily
Under a bright screen of rain.

Venice lies on her island like an opulent
Persian cat; straining for the sweet sound of
Adriatic waves against her beaches.

Alexandria perspires and contemplates resignedly
the secondary fate of the Pharaohs.

Constantinople tries in vain to remember the sound
of her new name; how can the city of Constantine
find another name so fair?

Vienna sighs to the tune of gay waltzes
played for the last time many years ago.

Each as different as spring from autumn
and yet they are the same.

In spring Death peers through heavy laden blossoms
into the fast fading faces.

In autumn a leaf crackles in the sun
and Death is here.

Will there ever be a city-fair and with grace
a city of Life?

Immune from the visitation of Death. Permanent
and ageless.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD

This year, as in the past, sports have played a great part in our summer at Buck's Rock. Under the able direction of Joe Strasser, our baseball and basketball activities came off well. Every morning there was baseball instruction in which the fundamentals of the game were taught to all those interested. One result of this instruction was our winning season against New Milford, but the far more important result was the campers, who all their life wanted to play baseball correctly, had the opportunity to learn. Added to our games against New Milford and our annual camper-counselor game, etc. was the little softball league, which boasted over fifty members and which gave all those who wished it, the chance to participate in organized sports. In most cases, the four teams in the league played twice weekly. At the end of the summer, prizes were awarded to the winning team which, like the other teams, manifested good sportsmanship besides baseball skill.

Our basketball program this year was somewhat handicapped by the absence of enough good basketball material to form a team to play New Milford. However, Inter-Camp games planned and executed by Joe, Dutch, and the sports committee were held.

This has been a fine summer for water activities and the water front under the direction of Mitt Silver has had a fine schedule. Excellent opportunities were provided to acquire the swimming skill which is the primary factor in swimming safety. Life saving instruction has taught the students to meet uncommon situations and assisting and rescuing others. The emphasis has been on the recreational and instructional end rather than competitive swimming.

Archery this year was under the direction of Dutch who, besides teaching the game to a record breaking number of campers, also conducted an archery tournament. Riflery at camp this year was under the guidance of Betty and Dutch and, like archery, it enjoyed tremendous success. Betty and Dutch concentrated on teaching true marksmanship to the campers who used this skill to win N.R.A. awards.

One of the most popular sports at camp this year was tennis which prospered handily under the able direction of Maida. During her instruction periods in the mornings she educated the campers in the technical aspects of tennis.

Riding has always been an important part of our sports program and this year the story wasn't any different. With Larry Smith in charge, our campers learned to ride at the start of the season. During the remainder of their stay, they put their knowledge of horsemanship to use, riding the trail and participating in the horse show.

Ping-pong and badminton this year had the role of filler sports. Because of the short time required to play them they could be played in the midst of the busiest day and thus their popularity was tremendous. Volleyball, which was played mainly during athletic evenings and on several Sunday mornings, enjoyed popularity for the same reasons. Helping to teach these sports were Bergy, Maida, Joe, and C.I.T.'s.

Summerizing our sports program it may be said that, besides being varied and plentiful, it was one of the best experiences of our camp life.



IT'S IN THE BAG

Those hearty souls who have braved mosquitoes, torrential showers, and arctic conditions this summer have been well repaid. It's hard to tell what has been the most fun -- the sleeping late -- good and plentiful (even if a little well done) food -- swimming (especially the diving board belly flops) -- the good ship "Titanic" that sank every few feet at Sandis Field State Forest -- the long truck rides -- things like Bobby's good humor when he upset his patiently cooked breakfast while laughing at a joke -- delicious tastes like that of Jeff's wonderful pancakes served with hot syrup.

Did you know that we have Mike's sound effects, collapsable tents, holes for star gazing, and short sized sleeping bags for taller people (ask Dot and Mike). Also we are probably pioneers in tuxedos at Tanglewood a la pup tents!

The places we've been to, the fellows who have gone, will always be remembered; and funny incidents will be talked about for a long time afterward -- fourteen hot dogs on a one candlepower flame and Pete: "Gosh, that hot dog was hard inside." Mike: "No wonder! You forgot to remove the stick." (P.S. It really happened that way!!)

There have been poison ivy hikes to roadside ice cream stands, mountain climbing in the truck, and hikes for firewood as well as hikes up real mountains. They made fun of our ice box and limousine transportation, but our hiking afterward was more fun because of it.

You'd be surprised at how much we learn on trips like these. If they try to give us geology, mathematics, cooking, nature study, or biology in school we fall asleep. But this way, through seeing and doing things with Betty, it's painless.

There's something nice about sitting around a camp fire with your friends and the smell of woods and darkness all around you. Something nice, too, when the flames have died and you crawl into your sleeping bag to be gently lulled to sleep by the noise of the forest and the regular snores of your partners.

laundry -- will not shrink more than 1%

Come, dear campers, and let us pay a visit to B.R. Happy, a typical Buck's Rocker as he happily goes through his day at camp. Like many, he tries many activities--some he likes, some he detests. First, let us see him in the one he detests-----

GETTING UP.....The sleep's left in

25--26--27--28-----"Why must that confounded gong ring so many times?" Suddenly a cold, wet, dirty towel was thrown in his face. Then the blankets were thrown off him. Such is the greeting of B.R. Happy to the bright, cold morning at Buck's Rock. Alas! "How can I dress with her standing at the window saying, 'Hurry up and get dressed!'"

BREAKFAST.....Why take less?

Uh--uh--ugh--ow---Don't hustle your bustle, Russell! Hey!-----Such is the Buck's Rocker's introduction to the cold cereal, pancakes, toast, and eggs. "Hey, Steve! (At this point half of the people in the dining hall turn around). Finally, Happy spots his Steve, who is on the opposite side of the room. Struggling past chairs, spilling his own and many other people's cereal, tripping over and under people, he finally reaches his bosom friend. "Steve!" he cries joyfully. "Happy!" Steve cries, upsetting two pitchers of milk. Ah, sweet breakfast!

CLEANUP.....There's a mess in your future

What a mess! What a mess! Poor Happy is the unproud owner of an upper bunk, and so he must wait until his lower bunk-mate makes his bed to make his own. Of course, his lower bunk-mate isn't there yet but Happy knows that as soon as he starts to make his, Lower Bunk will come marching in. So he starts resignedly to clean his shelves...Finally, L.B. is through, and Happy starts to make his bed. What does he find in it? Bees, ants, spiders, moths, and w-w-wasps. Brave Happy makes his bed but just think of his rest tonight!

LAUNDRY.....We wash the cleanest clothes in town

This is Friday. Friday is laundry day. "Where are my socks?" "I have $5\frac{1}{2}$ pairs this week....Who hocked the other half?" Happy is shy. I don't have enough under---" Oh well. When laundry is through, the unpleasant chores are completed and the day at Buck's Rock begins.

FARM WORK.....We grow our own

Happy has been working on the farm for two months, but he still doesn't know the difference between carrot tops and weeds. This causes poor Bergie to tear his hair out and teach him the difference, but five minutes later, he is still picking out young $\frac{1}{2}$ grown carrots. If any parents find in

their bunch of carrots that they bought for 19¢ a few weeds, Happy apologizes. After all, we all make mistakes.

REST HOUR.....The sleep left out

Rest hour. The hour of rest. As Happy entered to lie down, there was a four cornered catch going on, and he just missed having an eternal rest hour as he wandered about the room. Happy decided to put in a claim for the comic which had soared to popularity since Ernie's speech--dear Dogface--but there were six people ahead of him. As he reached for a book, another hand grabbed the other side and pulled it out from under him. Finally----Bong! Bong! Bong! The hour of rest was over. As everyone scrambled out of the room, Happy went to sleep. Ah!

IN THE SHOPS.....Make it queer

Happy, it seems, had an insane desire to make money, and so he spent Friday afternoon in the shops. He started at the Ceramic end to complete the bowl he had begun for his dear mother who told him that there was nothing she would like better. After throwing his clay into Marilyn's face while wedging, breaking up six of the molds and using a red bat for gray clay, he went on into the art shop. After removing and misplacing all the pencils, building a relief map out of Wally's paints, and painting a picture on the back of Pi's pointillism piece, he moved on into the photo shop. Upon his entry there, he was initiated with the funnel trick, and he started to open up one of the boxes in the cubby holes. He was then shooed through the door into the wood shop where he viewed Yascha making his millionth box. After getting his hand stuck in the band saw, he flew through the window into that mess of all messes-----the Print Shop. "The roller is inked!" The roller is inked! The ROLLER is inked!" "Who ruined that stencil? Now we must do it over again!" "Don't use so much ink on the press! Why don't you all go----" Happy had at last found his match, and he snuck quietly out of the shop to return to the Social Hall in time for-----

CHORUS.....luned to the stars

B.K. Happy is a typical chorus member----he goes to $\frac{1}{4}$ of the rehearsals and all of the performances. He is a tenor, but he sits with the sopranos----Dave Katz has often wondered at this strange combination----but he loudly sings the bass part to "The Heavens Are Telling"--and at the concert on the village green, we find Happy--still doing his worst.

SLEEP.....The sleep left

Evening activities are now over and the bunkmates all come trooping in, and begin disrobing. Everyone is dead, for it is hard work propelling girls around the campus. Happy gets dressed, goes into the bathroom, brushes his teeth, washes up, and looks into the mirror at himself. Reflecting, he thinks: "It's been a good day. A typical buck's Rock day."

S

"So long, Steve, see you tonight." He put on his coat and hat, and stepped out into the February morning.

A warm rain was falling, and it transformed the winter snow into a thick river of slush. As he walked through the puddles, his pants soaked up the water, chilling his legs. Then he remembered his overshoes, which he had left behind him.

"How absent-minded can you be?" he said to himself. Turning around, he went back to get them. There they were, on Steve's back stoop. It infuriated him that he could have been so careless. He put them on, and started off for home.

The rain was really coming down now. "If the day continued in the same fashion," he thought, "he would probably go to the movies."

Then, his mind wandered to the party which he was going to in the evening. He hoped that it would be good, especially for Danny's sake. Danny was going with Julia now, and had even given her a ring. He was suddenly brought to life by Trudy, a neighbor's dog, who was walking by. He called her to him and stroked her back. It was smoothed today; Mrs. Gordon must have brushed it.

After walking some more, he neared his house. Through the mist he recognized his aunt's car. "I guess she's helping with the new curtains," he thought to himself.

He passed the familiar blue and white doll house on the corner of his street, and soon was mounting the staircase leading to his front door. He wiped his overshoes, opened the door, and walked in.

"Hello, Sally. How are you today?" he called to the family maid, who was dusting in the living room.

"I'm O.K.," she replied. "Your mother's upstairs. You better go see her."

There was a queer tone in her voice as she spoke, but he dismissed it without much thought. He noticed that his dad's armchair was out of place, so he straightened it, and then went upstairs.

"Hi ma, how is breakfast?" he called from the landing of the purple-carpeted stairs, "Steve's parents are going to drive me to the party tonight, so you can go to the movies."

He climbed a few remaining stairs, and walked down the hall to the master bedroom. His mother was there, but something was wrong! Tears were pouring down her face. His father and aunt were there also, trying to console her.

"Good God, mom, what's the matter?" he cried anxiously.

"Andy, dad got a phone call from Florida. Your grandmother --- is dead!"

By Andy Morrison

TAILORED TO FIT



It's hard to exactly gauge what "intellectual" means, but those who conceive of it meaning someone who prefers Keats to kites and Brahms to ballads must surely be wrong.

I suppose, really, that an intellectual is someone with enough general curiosity to probe into things without losing appreciation for the antique, the well-worn, the tried and trusted.

Then I can say that this summer at Buck's Rock has had hundreds of explaining experiences.

Our musical activities spread far and wide, until there was almost always some really fine music being played.

Our chorus sang and sang, until the roof rang and their mouths ached. But the result was music. And good music. And even more, good fun.

Our dramatic work can hardly be better described than by exploratory. And incidentally, marvellous.

And we were never at a loss for a good discussion. Usually impromptu and usually fiery! And in the most mad places! What invigorating literary debates on the chow line. Proust and pickles. But all in one spirit, that of curiosity.

Our Art Shop complied to the Museum of Modern Art. Everyone was trying something new and combining their ideas with things already solved.

We read our eyes out, remember? Even in competition with Dogface Dooley, our precious pocket books became well read and well thumbed through, and dog ears reigned.

I'm sure that this summer will stay with us forever. Because of what we've done and what we've learned. We're even readier to learn what is before us, on our ways through life.

And when we look back we'll smile.

it's the blend that makes the difference

1951

WAS ALMOST "MUSIC YEAR" AT BUCK'S ROCK.
Under the general supervision of the music committee, headed by the competent and talented Dave Katz, good music flourished throughout the camp season.

The Camp's first major musical evening was presented in form of a show entitled "Music, Dance and Comedy". The singing of the Chorus at the close of the production was indeed beautiful, but this was only a preview of what was to come.

On Friday, August 17th, both Orchestra and Chorus contributed to a very impressive evening of music on the Village Green of New Milford. Our musicians started off the evening by playing marches and folk music of different countries. After Intermission the town hall was floodlighted, showing our Chorus in full array on the steps. They sang a varied program ending with an inspiring performance of "The Heavens Are Telling" from Haydn's "Creation".

Winding up our music season, the Orchestra, Chorus, and Dramatic department recorded the story of Stephen Foster. This included an overture background music by the Chorus, vocal solos, and quartets. The play was presented on Festival Day and proved a success.

During the season many wonderful evenings were spent listening to recorded music. Everything from "Guys and Dolls" to Beethoven's Ninth was played and enjoyed by all.

Then, there was the trip to the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood, where we heard the Brahms Second and Fourth Symphonies and his Variations on a Theme by Haydn.

Looking back over the summer we fondly recall many pleasant hours spent in playing and singing folk songs. We can almost say that you spell Buck's Rock with folk singing.

Yes, this was a busy year in music, and another step in continuing our long range program to make music a really integral constructive force at Buck's Rock.

archery -- more snap

timed to the stars

TWO

factors contributing to the success of this season at Buck's Rock were the dramatic and motion picture programs.

The Drama department offered three productions. The first offering was Basil Burwell's Masque for the stage, "Poet In The Wasteland". This play was by far the most stimulating of the season. So strong was the sentiment, both pro and con, that a special meeting was organized to discuss the play. The play was an arrangement for the stage of such poems as "The Hollow Men" and "The Wasteland".

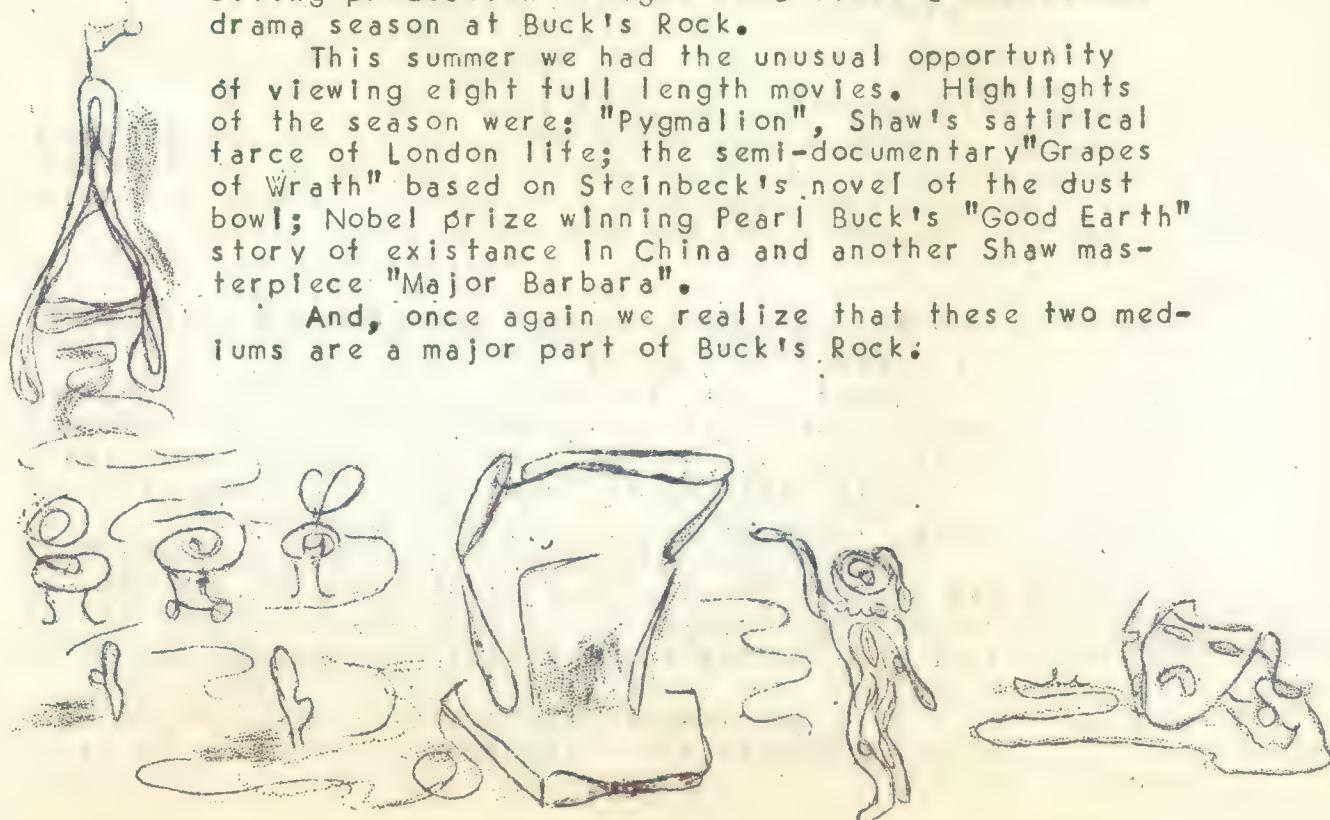
In a sequence of unrelated scenes it told of modern man's search for his soul. It was one of the most unconventional plays produced at Buck's Rock. Everyone, supporters and critics, must admit to its being a new experience in the theatre.

The following night, "Feudin' No More", an original play by Basil Burwell was presented. A complete departure from the style of the former production. "Feudin' No More" was enjoyed for all it was, an unpretentious comedy on hillbilly feuds.

The final production of the year was the Giraudoux escapade "The Mad Woman of Chaillot" adapted to English by Maurice Valency. It is a delightful fantasy with biting satire relating the madwoman's struggle to rid the world of evil men. This exciting production brought to a close a successful drama season at Buck's Rock.

This summer we had the unusual opportunity of viewing eight full length movies. Highlights of the season were: "Pygmalion", Shaw's satirical farce of London life; the semi-documentary "Grapes of Wrath" based on Steinbeck's novel of the dust bowl; Nobel prize winning Pearl Buck's "Good Earth" story of existence in China and another Shaw masterpiece "Major Barbara".

And, once again we realize that these two mediums are a major part of Buck's Rock.



MORE BOUNCE TO THE OUNCE



The dance program, directed by Rhoda Levine, this summer has been as varied as it has been interesting. The members of the group showed their versatility by participating, not only in their own work but also in the dramatic productions. Many of them appeared in "Poet in the Wasteland" and "Feudin' No More".

The dance program became so popular that it was necessary to split the group up into sections, groups A and B. In the first Music and Dance night, members of both groups participated. They presented an interpretation of a South African Veld song and a duet to the American folk song, "Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair".

Dance group A worked under the guidance of Rhoda. The classes consisted of learning technique and doing interpretive dance. We all enjoyed their group project, "The Emperor's New Clothes". During the early part of the summer everyone had a chance to interpret each role and it was from these interpretations that the cast was chosen. In the weeks following this performance the concentrated on technique and interpretive dance. With Mike Sahl's accompaniment and Rhoda's assistance the members did their own spontaneous choreography. The girls discussed certain emotions which they then translated into dance form. Many of these dances were seen at the last Music and Dance night of the season.

Jo Taylor, with Mike Sahl and Danny Bernstein as accompanists, worked with dance group B. The class concentrated primarily on technique, this was put into use in their solos and group project, "The Chicken Reel" which we all enjoyed so much. Jo Taylor choreographed the dance and Danny Bernstein arranged the music. The "Chicken Reel" and the solos were performed at the second dance night.

Both dance groups had a very successful summer. They not only entertained us but they also improved technically, had fun, and learned a great deal about a comparatively new art form.

"Swing your partners, circle four! All circle left, swing some more!"

Wahoo! It's time for a real Buck's Rock square dance. Mike Sahl and Danny Bernstein are tuning up their banjo and guitar, and we're ready to begin.

Artie Zilversmit takes the mike and begins his call. "Come on boys, pick your partners!"

Through the course of the evening, square dances such as the "Spanish Caballero", "Grape Vine Twist", and "Texas Star", folk dances as the "Irish Jug" and "Troika"; and social dances will have been heard.

Yes, the country atmosphere of the Buck's Rock square dance is something looked forward to by all campers.



Manhattan Trilogy

by Richard Foreman

John

The golden stream of sunlight plays hide and seek among the ash-cans of the littered alley. The voice of the new day begins its song. A poor man stirs, and then wakes. He was awakened by the child next door. Who can blame the child for screaming. There he lay in his bed; a rock which was hard and had absorbed the sweat and tears of his whole family before him; he had added his own also. When he chewed on the rock, it tasted as one might expect. He didn't like that taste.

The poor man woke and rose and looked out the window. A great snake went hissing past overhead and his room seemed to shake and settle even more into the filth of the city. But he did not mind these discarded pieces around him, he did not know any better. He could not know any better.

Down in the street there were children throwing pieces of New York while dodging those thrown by others. One was hit and ran to a discarded building for shelter, but being very brave, he did not cry. Then through a hole in the wall of the house, a boy threw a stone at him, and again hit him. Now the child realized that the outcast whom he had sought for protection had no interest in giving shelter any more; how could he when he was in such a disreputable condition.

The poor man didn't think about this though, so he was happy, and went down in the street to think. The people, the important things, were here.

Tony smelled of fish, his cart smelled of fish even more.

The poor man looked at the outcast buildings. They screamed, but without raising their voices, "God, why don't they kill us, and end our agony instead of torturing us with trying to make our broken

bones go as far as possible."

The poor man sympathized with them, but only outwardly. To him it didn't seem so bad; of course he didn't know any better, he couldn't know any better. Then through the echoing and hideous din of the slum, he heard a different noise and saw a different sight. A rich man drove by in a car. He sat down on the littered curb and thoughtfully watched the car speed further and further away, out of his reach, and then hearing, and then, sight.

* * *

Shall the rich car speed from you all your life?

* * *

The poor man worked in the sewer. The sewage of New York is perhaps better than that of some cities, but it is certainly worse than others.

The cold, dirty water leaped into the poor man's glove. His whole hand became wet, and cold, and slimy.

The poor man now knew there were people in the city better than he. It made him mad to hear their spirited movement on the street above him, so he decided to go up on the same street, and move, and be better than someone else, also. This didn't work. He stood shivering in the wilderness of the city's congestion.

All the while, the river of people raced past him. His out of placeness overheated him; he wished he could jump into the river to cool himself.

He could steal something in the store across the street. That only gave him temporary security. He went on top of the building, There he saw the whole city looking at him.

"Get down you beggar, stop your false elevation."

So he got down and walked far and saw flowers and trees and all the lovely things of nature. He thought he had wanted beautiful things. He didn't, he couldn't stand their solemn mocking beauty. Then off in the distance he saw the lights, penetrating the pupils of his eye with a human persistence. They called him, and he had to go, because he didn't know any better. If he could have, he would have explained to himself that a man is born with many things, the most important, love; and many people love - - - - -

* * *

The city.

Once upon a time there was a man and a woman and a child. The man was an average class American citizen. One of those people who live in a house just like the one next door, and eats the same dinner as the people next door, and has the same passions and desires as the man next door. One of those people who takes the bus to the office every day. As the man looked out the window of the bus, he saw a young girl. He desired her for a split second; the poor man wouldn't because he had often fulfilled his desires; the rich man wouldn't because he had convinced himself that his money stabilized him so, he didn't have these desires; but the average man must go through life having everything within inches of his reach, but just beyond.

Everyone in the office liked him. One of these friends asked him if he liked his vacation in the country.

"It was great, yes, but near the end it got on my nerves, so

lonely in the woods."

* * *
Together they nodded knowingly.

* * *

The man worked in a taxicab company. The city supplied all of the business, he looked out the window and a girl sat down beside him. He tried not to move and kept on looking.

The great fingers pushing holes in the blue sky. The people. He loved to look at and feel the people. He always looked at them during lunch. From where he sat he could not hear their hearts, so that all seemed so happy and simply conceived that they possessed them with a ridiculous joy. He sat there, and made random comments as the gigantic amusement park sped around him. They presented their merits to him in the usual, outlined form of his life. The rollercoaster elevated railways; the carousels of the tours around the city; the ferris wheel, of the rising, dropping moods of the great town; the tunnel of love subways; the funhouse the theatres; the parachute lift elevators; the of mirrors traffic; and the freaks, the tallest, the biggest, the tattooed and the swallowing. The park gave Joe something to occupy his brain. Certainly better thoughts than those which would help the park in Joe's surprisingly enough, basically unhappy mind, would have found their way. The city was a protective pillow which he could hide behind from his troubles, fears, weaknesses, and some un-nameable things which always lurked at the back of a man's mind.

The girl got up, and her elbow brushed against his exposed neck. A muscle twitched and he looked up, and, met by her thinking and penetrating eyes, looked down again. He would have to sew the tear in the pillow, tonight, but he had plenty of thread.

* * *

The city supported and protected him. He needed the city. Some love it, and some need it.

Stephen

The sun came up over the inquisitive roof-tops, and burst in full force through the large window into the contentedly satisfying room. It woke none, however. No poor soul opened his eyes to add another chapter to his stuttering saga. A man was there, though; a man who was, it seems, a bit too full of liquor. New York and liquor have one thing in common, both have an overwhelming power of intoxication.

Stephen is the man's name. He has a lot of money; a lot of fame; and strangely enough, a lot of ability and (stranger still) respect. He has given a lot to New York. The people of the metropolis owe a lot to him.

Stephen was dancing last night. He asked the girl if she loved him, and she pretended to say yes.

Stephen was drunk, so he decided to tell her about himself and his city. He was already rich when he reached New York. He walked down the street, and bought things in the stores, appreciated the buildings, he loved them. During the day he would look up at them and show them off to his apprentices as his friends. But at night, lying in the darkness of his room, where he could only see their massive, and hidden expanses, he came to know they hated him. He would walk down the artificially lit streets, and all the lights focused their attention on him. Anywhere in the city he could go he found the surroundings hostile. He felt the sounds of the city were building up

to some terrible climax and he was afraid that he might be concerned in it. The pulse of the city throbbed, as if the town was running hard, trying to catch him.

* * *

Why?

* * *

Finally, in despair, he flung himself into the trees of the park to escape. Through the foliage he walked, but every so often, casting a glance upward, hoping to catch a glimpse of one of the great towers. This was calm his fears that perhaps he was so distasteful to them, they would leave him, never to return. Coming out of exile, he was relieved by their realness, but again became lost. Then he saw a sign, "Keep your city clean". Below it was an empty candy box. He stopped for a while, and sat down on the curb and thought. Then he picked up the box and carefully put it in the basket, and then he saw another box, and threw it away. Soon he was throwing away bigger things, old buildings perhaps.

* * *

Old souls are constantly being revised. They are better than new.

* * *

The city didn't stare at him anymore; Now they exchanged glances as two men who love each other might do. He knew that all that was expected of him was love, an active love that gave, not only received. Stephen said to the girl, "You will learn this also - I sound like a teacher".

The girl said, "You do", and she laughed.

He realized he would have to suffer more, but he was happy.

* * *

The remainder of the day was spent in much the same position as the first part. Then he went to bed, Stephen opened the window and looked out. It was still light, and some children were playing dodgeball. One little girl fell, and skinned her knee; she started to cry, and ran to a big white building to sit down on the step. Once on the step of the big building, she felt better and started to laugh

* * *

Stephen cheered.

* * *

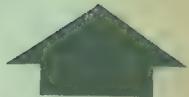
He looked and sniffed the air, and soothed the building with the palm of his hand. He said, "Part of this is mine".

* * *

The city cheered.

* * *

Stephen needed the city now to express what was in his mind and heart. Some love it, some need it, and some are needed by the city.



eventually. why not now?

57 VARIETIES

a

Bruce Abramson	635 Palmer Ave. Teaneck, N.J.	Te. 6-4497
Michael Adler	1431 Longfellow Ave. Bronx 59	Lu. 9-1984

b

Peter Bay	527 West 110 St. N.Y.C. 25	Ac. 2-4228
Peter Berliant	204 Storer Ave. New Rochelle	Ne. 2-3389
Danny Bernstein	230 West 76 St. N.Y.C.	Tr. 7-2213
Allen Blank	9955 65 Ave. Forest Hills	11. 9-6537
Robert Blank	9955 65 Ave. Forest Hills	11. 9-6537
Arthur Bobis	1745 East 18 St. Brooklyn	Ni. 5-4041
Robert Brussel	133 West 3 St. N.Y.C.	Le. 2-9714
Peter Bry	457 Richmond Ave. Maplewood, N.J.	So. 2-4394
Stephen Bulova	Prospect Hill, New Milford, Conn. 1453	

c

Adam Clymer	519 W. 121 St. N.Y.C.	Mo. 3-3180
Peter Cohen	70 Greenacres Ave. Scarsdale	Sc. 3-7789
Richard Davidson	414 Mountain View Rd. Englewood	En. 3-6923
David Dobkin	2550 University Ave. Bronx 63	Cy. 5-4977

e

Eric Eisenklam	300 Riverside Dr. N.Y.C. 25	Mo. 2-2310
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f

Thomas Farkas	66 Cobane Terr. West Orange	Or. 2-1726
Steven Fleischer	344 East 3 St. Brooklyn 18	Ge. 6-6788
Richard Foreman	139 Brewster Rd. Scarsdale	Sc. 3-1885
Peter Frank	41 Kew Gardens Rd. Kew Gardens 15	11. 9-2600
Andrew Frey	600 West End Ave. N.Y.C. 24	Tr. 7-3314

g

Michael Gang	1730 Ocean Parkway Brooklyn	Es. 6-0454
John Geist	101 Central Park West N.Y.C.	Su. 7-3030
Leopold Godowsky	Westport, Conn. Westport	2-5242
Stephen Goldstein	3009 Kingsbridge Terr. Bronx 63	Ki. 8-0395

h

John Herzog	33-81 162 St. Flushing	Fl. 9-5171
Robert Howard	Park Dr. South Rye N.Y.	Rye 7-1588

j

Michael Jacobs	184-52 Grand Central Pkwy Jmca	Ol. 8-4107
Alan Joseph	170-19 Henley Rd. Jamaica	Ax. 7-6094

k

Richard Kaplan	35-03 191 St. Flushing	In. 3-2111
Marvin Karp	3540 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn 10	Cl. 8-1042
Richard Karp	3540 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn 10	Cl. 8-1042
Michael Kaufman	3608 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn 10	Es. 7-7292
Wallace Kessler	215 Mt. Hope Pl. Bronx 57	Lu. 7-3225
Butch Kohn	15 Christopher St. N.Y.C.	Ch. 2-7721
Peter Kurz	1180 Grant Ave. Bronx	Je. 7-5031

l

David Larsen	18 Lynack Rd. Hawthorne, N.J.	Ha. 7-4843
Eddie Lavine	303 W. Sedgewick St. Phila. 19	Ge. 8-8615
James Lehrich	1127 East 13 St. Brooklyn 30	Cl. 8-3202
Paul Leopold	600 West End Ave. N.Y.C. 24	Sc. 4-8702
Richard Levy	17 N. Chatsworth Ave. Larchmont	2-1023
Barry Lipson	881 Washington Ave. Brooklyn 25 St.	3-3798

M	Fred Mackta Ted Mackler Martin Manoil David Michaels Paul Mischacoff Gerald Moress Andrew Morrison Jonathan Musher	444 Beach 132 St. Belle Harbor, L.I. Ne. 4-7840 2 Horatio St. N.Y.C. 314 Chenung St. Waverly, N.Y. 600 West End Ave. N.Y. 68-37 112 St. Forest Hills 1534 Maple Ave. Hillside, N.J. 58 E. Brookside Dr. Larchmont 17 West 71 St. N.Y.C. 23	Ch. 2-5930 Way. 390 Su. 7-6811 Bo. 8-4960 Wa. 3-6415 La. 2-4887 En. 2-3014
N	David Nashel Andrew Ney Robert November Allen Novick	872 Grange Rd. Teaneck, N.J. 251 Ft. Washington Ave. N.Y.C. 32 110 Station Rd. Great Neck 35 Baker Hill Rd. Great Neck	Te. 6-6872 Wa. 7-3904 Gr. 2-3688 Gr. 2-0110
R	Stephen Rauch Jeffrey Reiter Victor Ripp Mark Rosenberg Peter Rosenthal William Rosin David Rosner Stephen Ross	680 Bway, Cedar Hurst, N.Y. 720 Ft. Washington Ave. N.Y.C. 32 20 West 84 St. N.Y.C. 400 Lantana Ave. Englewood, N.J. 1076 East 17 St. Brooklyn 4445 Post Road N.Y.C. 71 63-36 78 St. Middle Village, Queens Cedar Ave. Hewlitt, L.I.	Wa. 3-3571 Tr. 7-9520 En. 3-5910 Cl. 8-3570 Ki. 3-3151 Fr. 4-0192
S	Peter Scher Richard Schifter Jeffrey Schlanger Michael Schostal Donald Schwarz Paul Silfen Stephen Silver Stephen Simensky David Stein Bennet Stern Jerry Straus	67-52 Selfridge St. Forest Hills 1351 East 29 St. Brooklyn 10 50 East 96 St. N.Y.C. 28 72-06 Ingram St. Forest Hills 44 Edgewood Rd. Summit, N.J. 1010 Dorchester Rd. Brooklyn 5931 Nicolson St. Pittsburgh 17 1004 East 22 St. Brooklyn 1019 Elder Lane Jacksonville, Fla. 12 Cluster Ave. Newark, N.J. 90-10 149 St. Jamaica 2	Bo. 8-8467 Es. 7-0925 At. 9-9320 Bo. 8-7392 Su. 6-1831 Bu. 7-4217 Ja. 1-0773 Na. 8-0762 9-5533 Wa. 9-9071 Re. 9-0526
t	David Tabin Peter Tamases Robert Tamases	185 Erasmus St. Brooklyn 26 160 Van Nostrand Ave. Englewood 130 Hugenot Ave. Englwood	Bu. 2-8065 En. 3-8803 En. 3-3952
W	William Weissberger George Weissz Juleon Winston Kent Zimmerman	2 Ridgecrest West Scarsdale 252 West 85 St. N.Y.C. 48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers 4 19 Ramsey Rd. Great Neck	Sc. 3-5992 En. 2-1353 Yo. 3-7417 Gr. 4-5912W
Z			

NEVER underestimate the power of a woman

a

Jane Atkins

875 West End Ave. N.Y.C.

RI. 9-5229

b

Diana Bernstein
Alice Bien
Diana Bloom
Susanna Buchman
Joanna Bulova
Nan Bush

941 Washington Ave. Brooklyn 25
3902 47 St. L.I.C.
75 Vine Rd. Larchmont, N.Y.
47 East 87 St. N.Y.C. 28
Prospect Hill New Milford, Conn.
249 Jennings Ave. Patchogue L.I. Pa.

UL. 6-0075
Ir. 6-7861
La. 2-3998
Le. 4-1346
1453
1983

c

Joyce Chanin
Rosalinda Civval
Elizabeth Cobrin
Georgia Cohen
Diane Colb

115 Argyle Ave. New Rochelle
29 Allenwood Rd. Great Neck
221 West 82 St. N.Y.C.
3 Windsor Ave. Melrose Pk., Pa.
119 80 St. Brooklyn 9

Ne. 6-3875
Gr. 2-7682
Tr. 4-0681
Me. 5-1541
Sh. 8-1271

d

Manuela Dobos
Esther Dworetsky

98 Park Terrace East N.Y.C.
200 Hewes Str. Brooklyn

Wi. 2-0079
Ev. 7-5766

e

Carolyn Epstein

35 Lafayette Pl. Woodmere L.I. Fr. 4-2974

f

Abby Fink
Sue Freedman
Thea Fuchs
Bertha Furst

726 The Crescent, Mamaroneck
280 Starling Rd. Egglewood N.J.
152 Urban St. Mount Vernon
505 West End Ave. N.Y.C.

Ma. 9-4710
En. 4-0459
Mo. 8-9818
Sc. 4-3353

g

Leona Gang
Laura Glarden
Judy Godwin
Frances Goldberg
Joan Goldberg
Marylinn Goldberg
Helene Governar
Barbara Greenhut

1730 Ocean Pkwy Brooklyn
82-36 Beverly Rd. Kew Gardens
215 West 90 St. N.Y.C.
134 Haven Ave. N.Y.C.
505 East 14 St. N.Y.C. 9
290 Sixth Ave. N.Y.C.
160 Bennett Ave. N.Y.C.
47 East 88 St. N.Y.C.

Es. 6-0454
Vi. 9-2163
Sc. 4-1081
Wa. 5-6588
Gr. 7-7435
Gr. 7-1185
Lo. 7-2636
Sa. 2-4994

h

Julie Haft
Ruth Haft
Sheila Handleman
Ellen Hartwick
Patricia Hetkin
Wendy Hetkin
Nancy Herbach
Julia Herskowitz
Lonnie Hertz
Lynn Hirsh
Nancy Hirsh
Barbara Hopp
Carol Hoppenfeld

240 West 98 St. N.Y.C.
240 West 98 St. N.Y.C.
260 West 72 St. N.Y.C.
66 Touraine Rd. Gross Pointe Mich Tu. 2-9161
333 East 57 St. N.Y.C. 22
333 East 57 St. N.Y.C. 22
111 Towanda Ave. Phil. 26
41 West 96 St. N.Y.C.
38 Roe Blvd. Patchogue L.I.
327 Beechmont Dr. New Rochelle
327 Beechmont Dr. New Rochelle
374 Lantana Ave. Englewood N.J. En. 3-4069
200 Bennett Ave. N.Y.C.

Ac. 2-7077
Ac. 2-7077
Tr. 7-4726
Ei. 5-2928
El. 5-2928
Me. 5-2686
Ac. 2-9288
Pa. 774
Ne. 2-3866
Ne. 2-3866
En. 3-4069
Lo. 8-1877

j

Evelyn Jasper
Ellen Jones

737 Madison Ave. Albany 3
18925 Muirland Detroit 21

Alb. 3-1855
Un. 0734

K	Alice Kandell Ellen Katz Judy Knee Brenda Kraft Ricky Kropf Ina Kupperman	29 Washington Squ. N.Y.C. 61 Disbrow Circle New Rochelle 53 London Terr. New Rochelle 240 East 175th. St. Bronx 141-44 71 Ave. Flushing, L.I. 180 Bedell Ave. Hempstead, L.I.	Sp. 7-8164 Ne. 6-4242 Ne. 6-6324 Tr. 2-2562 He. 2-1726
L	Judith Lack Gretchen Langrock Beth Lehrer Marcia Levy Elinor Lubin	1730 President St. Brooklyn 13 1125 Park Ave. N.Y.C. 28 46 Princeton Ave. Hewlett, L.I. 444 Central Park West N.Y.C. 25 134 Colwyn Lane Cynwyd, Pa. Welsh Valley 4-3040	Pr. 4-2133 At. 9-8378 Fr. 4-6447 Ac. 2-7135
	Nancy Lyons Susan Lyons	3326 160 St. Flushing L.I. 3326 160 St. Flushing L.I.	Fl. 9-0249 Fl. 9-0249
M	Margery Marton	333 West End Ave. N.Y.C.	Sc. 4-8780
N	June Nashel Alice Nelson	256 W. Hudson Ave. Englewood 152 East 94 St. N.Y.C.	En. 3-6486 Tr. 6-4190
O	Susan Olswang	104 Garden Rd. Scarsdale	Sc. 3-0867
P	Margo Perl Barbara Pierce	325 W. 86 St. N.Y.C. 24 3425 Bronx Place Bronx 67	Sc. 4-9046 Ol. 4-5998
R	Jayne Raskin Ann Robbins Joan Roth	441 Tecumseh Ave. Mount Vernon 43 East 63 St. N.Y.C. 21 1130 East 7 St. Brooklyn 30	Mo. 8-1010 Tr. 9-8989 Cl. 8-3848
S	Rita Schoenbaum Isabelle Schwartz Jane Sigmund Nancy Silverstein Ellen Simon Victoria Simons Kitty Singerman Betty Slater Sue Slocum Joyce Solovey Lee Sternberger	151 East 83 St. N.Y.C. 28 146-29 Laburnum Ave. Flushing 20 W. 85 St. 92 Pinehurst Ave. N.Y.C. 33 7707 Chapel Rd. Elkins Pk. 17 Pa. Mel. 868 Carroll St. Brooklyn 41-42 50 St. Woodside L.I. 111 West 94 St. N.Y.C. 25 585 West End Ave. N.Y.C. 24 110-20 73 Rd. Forest Hills 225 West 86 St. N.Y.C. 24	Re. 7-1058 Fl. 9-8077 Sc. 4-1124 Wa. 3-1938 Pa. Mel. 5-0795 Ne. 8-3512 Ha. 9-4819 Ri. 9-1675 Sc. 4-3069 Bo. 8-3336 Sc. 4-2903
T	Carol Tenowitz	98-25 65 Ave. Forest Hills	Fl. 9-6964
W	Elizabeth Waltuch Barbara Weil Lynda Wilson Leslie Weissman Grace Wolfe Leah Wolfe	68-63 108 St. Forest Hills 7931 Park Ave. Phil. 17 36-40 Bowne St. Flushing 75-07 190 St. Flushing 2206 Quentin Rd. Brooklyn 29 2206 Quentin Rd. Brooklyn 29	Bo. 8-2282 Melrose 5-2505 Fl. 3-3291 Ho. 4-6618 De. 9-1692 De. 9-1692
Z	Marian Zashin Marian Strauss	89 Old Mill Road Great Neck 315 Central Park West N.Y.	Gr. 2-6563 Sc. 4-5518

THE R.E.'S A JOB IN YOUR FUTURE

Peter Buseck	44 Seaman Ave. N.Y.C. 34	Wa. 7-1215
Irving Dworetzsky	200 Hewes St. Brooklyn 11	Ev. 7-5765
George Glassgold	1111 Park Ave. N.Y.C.	
Bill Hurwich	4330-46 St. Sunnyside, L.I.C.	St. 6-7147
Stephen Kamberg	80-40 Lefferts Blvd. Kew Gardens	V.W. 7-10433
Karl Loeb	895 Park Ave. N.Y.C.	Re. 7-24463
Teddy Marks	222 West 83 St. N.Y.C. 24	Sc. 4-8138
Gene Marsh	26 La Belle Rd. Mount Vernon	Mo. 7-3608
Michael Metzger	61-41 Saunders St. Rego Pk.	Ha. 6-2080
Hans Miodownik	230 West 79 St. N.Y.C. 24	Sc. 4-1638
Alan Morse(Yascha)	620 Ft. Washington Ave. N.Y.C. 33	Wa. 3-2368
Robert Nicholls	123 West 74 St. N.Y.C. 23	En. 2-1115
Yo Pitch	144-35 Northern Blvd. Flushing NY.	Fl. 9-1077
Stanley Poler	1637 Paulding Ave. Bronx	Ta. 9-4355
Jerry Pollen	105 Pinehurst Ave. N.Y. 33	Wa. 8-3251
Paul Ripp	20 West 84 St. N.Y.C.	Tr. 7-9530
Lenny Sidney	68 Mt. Vernon St. Boston, Mass	Ri. 2-1240
Peter Steiner	736 West End Ave. N.Y.C.	Ac. 2-5523
Alex Strasser	3060 29 St. L.I.C. 2	Ra. 8-5940
Sandee Chernow	50 Burton Ave. Woodmere, L.I.	Fr. 4-1607
Leslie Diamond	207 West 106 St. N.Y.C. 25	Ac. 2-7867
Elinor Eisenson	5 Cornell Place E.Rkway	
Ruth Hoffman	3253 Cambridge Ave. N.Y.C. 63	Ki. 6-3080
Judy Lissauer	473 West End Ave. N.Y.C.	En. 2-8732
Margot Mink	340 West 57 St. N.Y.C.	Cl. 7-5751
Nancy Lee Hirsh	3270 Lake Shore Drive Chicago 13	We. 5-4433
Lita Schwartz	264 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. 26	In. 2-2136
Peggy Stern	88 Remsen Street Bklyn. 2	Tr. 5-9439
Jo Ann Taylor	220 West 21 Street N.Y.C. 11	Cl. 2-6828

TIME TO RETIRE

Jess and Doris Adler	1431 Longfellow Ave., Bronx, N.Y.	Ja1-0773
Fay Avellor	111 E. 88 Street, N.Y.	Le4-4132
Lloyd and Adelaidde Bergen	Bolles School Jacksonville, Fla.	Ja9-6640
Basil and Nancy Burwell	RFD 1, Norwalk, Conn.	We2-5920
Arnold (Buzzy) Campus	Antioch College, Yellow Springs Ohio	
Betty Dobbs	190-16 35 Ave., Flushing, N.Y.	In3-4911
Marilyn Fox	1229 Caffrey Ave., Far Rkway., N.Y.	Fr7-6931
Frank and Sue Gerber	30 E. 208 St., Bronx, N.Y.	
Janet Gramaglia	43-44 Aubarndale Lane, Flushing, N.Y.	In3-1680
Wally and Taffy Hochman	1409 New York Ave. Bklyn. 10, N.Y.	Ui9-2836
Betty Huff	531 W 122 St., Apt. D41, N.Y.	27 Mo2-1365
Peter Jensen	141 W 69 Street, N.Y.	En2-7377
Dave and Jeanne Katz	37-21 80 St., Jackson Heights, N.Y.	Hi6-7187
Rhoda Levine	42-50 Murray St., Flushing N.Y.	Fi9-2451
Dr. Lissauer	473 West End Ave., N.Y.	En2-8732
Harold and Bea Loren	2786 Jerome Ave., Bronx 68, N.Y.	Lu4-0578
Dorothy Manozzi	531 W 122 St., Apt D41, N.Y.	27 Mo2-1365
Elinor (Dutch) Mayer	1010 California Pk., Island Park,	Lo6-5004
Betsy Musher	17 W 71 St., N.Y.	En2-3614
Olivia Riddell	34 Edgecombe Ave, N.Y.C.	
Milda Riggs	7 South St. Grafton, Mass.	Gr5-551
Mike Sahl	92 Pinehurst Ave., N.Y.	Lo8-1113
Batja Sanders	33 17 w. 71 Street, N.Y.C.	Sc4-4017
Milt and Jean Silver	5931 Nicholson St., Pittsburgh 17	
Larry and May Smith	150-41 121 Ave., Baisly Park, Ja.	
Joe Strasser	30-60 29 St., Astoria, L.I.	Ra8-5940
Jerry Sutton	119-40 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens	Vi9-7034
Paul and Rona Tannenbaum	70-01 113 St., Forest Hills	Bo3-5148
William Wellington	241 East 207 Street, Bronx, N.Y.	014-1253
Hertha Werner	875 Linda Vista Ave., Pasadena	Lu9-1984
George and Elaine Winnett	84-31 Fleet Court, Middle Village	Da6-0920
Leon and Julia Winston	48 Sunlight Hill, Yonkers 4, N.Y.	Yo3-7417
Arty Zilversmit	409 Elmwood Ave., Ithaca, N.Y.	
Mike Zimmer	285 Riverside Drive, N.Y.	Ac2-4608

NO UNPLEASANT AFTERTASTE

Rev. E.J. Lynch	491 E. 165 St. New York
Lionel Bowen	2003 5 th Ave. New York
Elzie and Lucille Calhoun	91 Belmont Ave. Jersey City N.J.
Leanyi Osili	Purdue University, Lafayette Indiana
Thomas Wagner	133 Willoughbey St. B'klyn.
Florine Capers	Eastouer Sc. Ribot 246
Jannie Faber	346 North Montgomery Trenton N.J.
Felix Okato	Ifediore University of Connecticut

GIRLS' HOUSE - 99 44/100% Pure

BOYS HOUSE - Chock Full of Nuts

FARM HOUSE - I'd Walk a Mile ---

8 BUNK - Faster Get Away

PREFABS - Children Cry for It

ANNEX - Talk is Cheap

SHOPS - No Defrosting

TENTS - Nature in the Raw - Is Seldom Mild

The Gift of a Lifetime

John Geist - Stopette for Gus
Richard Bonime - One night's sleep in camp
Peter Buseck - One night's sleep in camp
Irving Dworetzky - Library of Congress
George Glassgold - A pansy in his garden
Bill Hurwich - A co-ed school
Stephen Kamberg - A non-inflatable roller
Karl Loeb - A match company
Teddy Marks - A set of drums and third base
Gene Marsh - A glove compartment
Mike Metzger - All good things
John Miodownik - A megaphone
Yascha - A lumberyard
Bob Nicholls - A few million callouses
Yo Pilch - A new sailor hat
Stanley Poler - A screw, a flashlight, and a bobby pin
Jerry Pollen - A priority on pianos
Paul Ripp - A ball he can't catch
Lenny Sidney - A full seven innings
Peter Steiner - An edible horse
Alex Strasser - A discussion with people
Sandee Chernow - A mold for more like her
Leslie Diamond - Custom made dungarees
Elinor Etsenson - More plays, less acts
Ruth Hoffman - Hershey space bars
Judy Lissauer - Loads of hysterics
Bingo Mink - A carton of Kleenex
Nancy Lee Hirsch - Hopeful horses
Lita Schwartz - More work camps
Peggy Stern - A pail of slip
Jo Taylor - Words without motions

Ernie - The gift of a lifetime
Ilisa - Happiness in her new home
Jess Adler - More "vacations"
Doris Adler - Stock in Buck's Rock
Fay Avellor - A farmhouse on Times Square
Lloyd Bergen - Bigger vegetables and higher prices
Adelaide Bergen - Campers with less luggage
Basil Burwell - A car people can't pick up
"Buzzy" Campus - The farmhouse girls
Betty Dobbs - Steam without tables
Janet Gramaglia - Tables without steam
Marilyn Fox - A 70 piece mold
Frank Gerber - A bigger shop with a smaller staff
Sue Gerber - A turtle neck sweater
Wally Hochman - An aquarium
Taffy Hochman - A gallon of gentian violet
Betty Huff - An elephant gun
Peter Jensen - More Dick Fore-men
Dave Katz - Rehearsals as well as performances
Jean Katz - A soundproof room in the girls house
Rhoda Levine - Second hand clothes for the emperor
Dr. Lissaur - A chauffered limousine
Harold Loren - Kiln-joys
Bea Loren - A faucet with hot and cold running milk
Dorothy Marizzi - A world of C.I.T.'s
Dutch Mayer - No change in her disposition
Betsy Musher - Her own beauty shop
Olivia Riddel - Campers without pets
Maida Riggs - A helicopter
Mike Sahl - O.D. in the 8 bunk every night
Batja Sanders - A crew cut
Milt Silver - A lifesaving class which wants to go in the water
Jean Silver - People who meet deadlines
Larry Smith - A musical horse
May Smith - A bolt of Furgusen tartan
Joe Strasser - Mute baseball players and a seeing eye dog
Jerry Sutton - 20 yards of solder
Paul Tannenbaum - A demolisher for the prefabs
Rona Tannenbaum - A sewing machine
William Wellington - More girls in sailor hats
Hertha Werner - A million little boys
George Winnett - Fences
Elaine Winnett - An empty annex
Leon Winston - An efficient set of editors
Julia Winston - Tiffany
Arty Zilversmit - A good suntan
Mike Zimmer - An enlarger to spread his talents

NO INFLATED CLAIMS

to the people who turned the cranks, pushed the buttons, made the photographs, drew the pictures, cleaned the press, repaired the typewriters, corrected the stencils

to the people who put protek on every morning, who had to go do a thing over when it wasn't right, who washed out the paint-brushes in turpentine, who worked late and yelled at each other when things didn't come out right
to the people who came in when they had time to do a little
to the people who have just seen their work come back bound from New York, professional and shiny and waiting to be seen
and to those who will do the same thing in summers to come

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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ART: Richard Foreman LITERARY: Richard Levy

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Good to the last drop

